

# NORTHWEST MISSOURIAN

NORTHWEST MISSOURI STATE COLLEGE

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TOWER QUEEN CANDIDATES are, Front Row, on floor: Billie Phillips, Dianne Brown, and Marjorie Matheson; Second Row, sitting: Charlotte Kenny, Rosalee Guyer, Linda Turner, Paula Weston, Judy Owens, Toni

Johnson, and Linda Gibler. Third Row, standing: Karen Wilson, Barbara Castor, Charlotte Christoffel, Sue Miller, Nancy Johnson, Lorna Stevens, Linda Hoffelmeyer, Terry Crain, Barbara Harr, and Celia Thompson.

## Students to Elect Tower Queen

Three finalists were chosen Thursday evening from the 20 candidates nominated for Tower Queen after the Missourian went to press.

One of these three finalists will be elected Tower Queen today and will be crowned Saturday night at the Tower Dance. The Student Senate, coordinating group for the election, urges all students to cast their ballots.

The Union Board, headed by Darwin Bears, has announced that the dance will be held

### Club to Hear Miss Petray

Maria Petray, scholarship student from Argentina, will be guest speaker at the People to People meeting at 7 p. m. Monday in the Gold Room of the Union Building.

All interested faculty members and students are invited.

## Social Science Club Plans Public Union Labor Debate

The MSC Social Science Club will sponsor a public debate between AFL-CIO and National Association of Manufacturers representatives on Monday, Mar. 14.

The topic of the debate will be the repeal of section 146b of the Taft-Hartley Act, which states that individual states shall have the authority to allow union shop or to make union membership completely optional.

As AFL-CIO representative, Jack Lovett, Kansas City, a member of Communication

Workers of America, an affiliate of AFL-CIO, will take the affirmative, speaking for the repeal. National Association of Manufacturers representative, John E. Tate, who is a member of a law firm in Lincoln, Neb., will uphold the negative side speaking against the repeal.

Special advisor C. Marlin Henderson, former field examiner for the National Labor Relations Board, and organization sponsor James Hurst have helped the Social Science Club president, Diane Whitney, with arrangements for the debate.

## Northwest State to Sponsor International 'Ambassadors'

Northwest Missouri State week by President Robert P. Foster. College students soon will have an opportunity to participate in the Experiment in International Living through a new summer program that is being instituted on campus, according to an announcement made this

fall.

Starting next fall, one or two ambassadors will be chosen from the MSC upperclassmen to represent this college in the international project. Each ambassador will be assigned to a group of 10 who will spend two months in one of the more than 45 countries who are active in the program.

One month will be spent living with a family in the foreign land. By participating in their daily activities, an ambassador is able to see the country through the eyes of his newly adopted family.

The four-week homestay is usually followed by an informal trip of approximately three weeks, on which he and his fellow experiment group members are accompanied by members or friends of their host families.

In some countries, the informal trip has been replaced by special work and field study projects, ranging from the teaching of English as a foreign language to social service activities. The final few days of the summer are spent by each experiment group in a city of major interest.

Requirements for application have not been completed, but when plans are finalized they will be printed in the Northwest Missourian. Age, physical fitness, academic background, sociological experience, and language ability will be among the requirements which will vary in accordance with the country visited and program of

sponsored.

The 45 countries participating include countries in Africa, Asia, Australia, Eastern Europe, Latin America, the Middle East, North America, and Western Europe.

The aim of the project is to provide an award for school participation based on academic status as well as on citizenship. It will cost the honored students little except money for a few personal expenses they may wish to incur.

Those who are helping to bring the Experiment plan to MSC hope that it will prove to be a challenge to dedicated students, youth who want to find a way to promote international friendship and at the same time have an exciting educational experience.

A faculty committee will work out final details for starting the program at MSC, Doctor Foster said.

## AWS Begins Plan For Hawkins Week

Preparations for the annual MSC Sadie Hawkins Week were officially started with the appointment of committees, reported the Associated Women Students' sponsor, Dean Karen Licklider.

General chairman is Joyce Riddell. Aiding her are Carol Wolverton, publicity chairman; Judy Palumbo, refreshments; Carolyn Kading, decoration; Kay Elder, tickets; and Sheryl Gift, clean-up.

Other committee chairmen are Sue Morris, Jean Nickelson, Gail Halliday, and Mary Potter.



FIRST DESK MUSICIANS are all members of the Resident Woodwind Quintet from the University of Missouri, Kansas City, scheduled to present a concert open to the public at no admission charge Monday night in the Charles Johnson Theater.

Members are Russell Patterson, Istvan

Gladics, Natalie Doherty, Michael Stielman, and Charles Doherty. Each one has held a first desk position with leading symphony orchestras in the nation. The group is among the highly selective music ensembles participating in Young Audience programs under a Ford Foundation Grant. (Story on Page 2)

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## Kansas City Quintet to Present Recital

The Division of Music will present the resident woodwind quintet of the University of Missouri, Kansas City, in a concert Monday evening in the Charles Johnson Theater of the Olive DeLuce Fine Arts Building.

The quintet will play "Suite, opus 57" Charles Lefebvre, and "Quintet in E. Flat Major, opus 88," Anton Reicha, before the intermission. Final selections will include "Quintet, opus 24, No. 2," Paul Hindemith, and "Variations

on an Old Netherland Folk Song," Hugo De Groot.

According to Dr. John L. Smay, chairman of the Division of Music, the concert is open to the public.

The concert will begin at 8:15 o'clock.

## Cameron High Art Club Arranges First Touring Area High School Art Exhibit



CAMERON HIGH SCHOOL'S art department has completed a first, an art exchange exhibit, arranged in cooperation with departments of other area schools. Steve Huitt, Art Club president; Roger Ambrosier, MSC art major who did his student teaching at Cameron High, and Tom Christain, MSC alumnus and CHS art instructor, are shown working to complete the exhibit before it is sent on tour to other Northwest Missouri

\* \* \*

The Cameron High School Art Club, under the direction of Tom Christain, art instructor, has just completed work in setting up the first high school exchange art exhibit in Northwest Missouri.

Six different schools in the northwest district contributed student work to make up the 60 projects included in the traveling exhibit. Each school will have the display one week to view and study.

Roger Ambrosier, a senior at MSC and member of the Tower staff, assisted in planning and compiling the exhibit. Ambrosier has just completed his student teaching at Cameron.

## Forensic Students To Vie in Meets At Pella, Lincoln

MSC forensic students will leave today for the Turn-of-the-Semester Debate Meet, Central College, Pella, Iowa, and the Collegiate Power-packed Forensic Tournament, Nebraska Wesleyan, Lincoln.

Debating standard format, switch-sides at Central College will be Marjorie Hitchcock and Ron Wineinger, varsity, and Linda Brinton, Lois Garreau, Terry Lutz, and Nick Erganian, novice. Students entered in competition at Nebraska Wesleyan are Carlene Buck, oral interpretation; Gail Halliday, oral interpretation and oratory, and Linda Hornaday, oral interpretation and extemporaneous speaking.

Both Miss Halliday and Miss Hornaday have also been entered in junior division debate.

Last weekend Miss Garreau placed fourth and received an excellent rating in television speaking at Kansas State College, Pittsburg, Kan. Miss Hornaday and Erganian won good ratings in extemporaneous speaking at the national tournament.

Junior debaters, Miss Hornaday, Miss Lutz, Erganian, and Wineinger, were victorious over teams from McPherson College, University of Arkansas, University of Southern Illinois, and University of Nebraska.

### SUNDIAL IS PART OF NWMSC TRADITION

Have you heard of the sundial at MSC? According to all available evidence, the sundial mounted on a rock base is located directly south of Golden Hall and is a rich part of college tradition.

## Seniors to Present Recital



SENIORS Carol Workman, pianist, and Dave Taylor, trombonist, prepare to present a joint public recital at the Charles Johnson Theater.

Miss Carol Workman, pianist, and Dave Taylor, trombonist, will present their senior recitals at 8:15 p. m. Thursday in the Charles Johnson Theater.

In order of her presentation, Miss Workman will play John Bull's "The King's Hunt," "Annees de Pelerinage, 2 de Annee Sonetto 104 del Petrarca," by Franz Liszt; "Ballade—G minor, opus 23, Fredrick Chopin; "Five Bagatelles," Ferguson.

Taylor, who will be assisted by Marjorie Matthewson, pianist, will present "Sonata No. 1," Gailliard; "Concerto for Trombone" by Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov, and "Nocturne and Rondolette" by William I. Shepherd.

Miss Workman, King City, has been a piano soloist with the St. Joseph Symphony and competed in state contests for four years. She is presently a member of the band, Student Senate, Cardinal Key, and Alpha Sigma Alpha. She has been majorette two years, was chosen Bearer of Greens, is president of the senior class, and was a Miss Maryville finalist.

Taylor, who is from Maitland, has played the trombone for eight years and had his own dance band for six years. He ranked high in state contests three of his high school years.

He has been a member of the MSC band four years, has been drum major two years, and has been a member of the choir for three semesters. As a junior, he served as a class officer, is a member of MENC, and is in Delta Sigma Phi.

Miss Workman's Alpha Sigma Alpha sisters and Taylor's Delta Sigma Phi brothers will assist in the ushering and at the reception. The public is invited to attend the recital.

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## College Couples: Reside in Comfort and Luxury at Low Cost As a Guest of College Gardens



FINAL TOUCHES are being added to two apartment buildings of the proposed five-building College Gardens complex located just over the college bridge. The two are ready for second semester use.

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# Annual Creative Writing Section

Each poem is a bit of drama in which the poet talks to his fellow man.

## A ROSE

I saw a yellow rose one morn.  
By Nature's hand was nourished, born.  
Plucked the rose from out of life.  
Saw it wither, die in strife.

Again I saw a yellow rose,  
Swaying as the wind that blows;  
But I knew more than I knew then.  
Left the rose to bloom again.

—Sandy Robinson, junior  
North Kansas City, Missouri

## THE WAKEFUL SLEEPER

I have seen the sun come up at night  
And the moon shine throughout the day.  
I have seen green grasses fade in light  
And be revitalized in gray.  
I have seen dead fallen leaves live again  
In the fire of autumn's glow,  
While live ones hanging from the limb  
Had perished long ago.  
I have seen wakeful sleepers lie  
And quiver when there was no wind,  
While the inert sleeping waker's eye  
Was still when the breeze rushed in.

—Linda Sweeney, senior  
Alton, Iowa

## A THOUGHT

Words—what inanimate things—  
That can mold our lives,

The world  
And the future of humanity:

And yet they radiate emotion  
To stir our deepest thoughts  
Of hate  
And love.

When man first began to scribble,  
Little could his mind conceive  
The mysteries  
Of the universe.

And then came the enlightenment—  
When man's great mind was unleashed  
To dream  
And explore.

The power of communications we tend to forget—  
Shall we use it to push our minds  
To the great  
And even greater heights?

Or shall it be destroyed and forgotten—  
To be discovered by some distant life  
To decipher  
And ponder?

—Donna Wishman, freshman  
Ogden, Iowa

## REALITY

Just what is reality?  
It's the glowing look on a child named Kimmerly,  
Or her tearful eyes like stars drifting on a sea.  
It's the divine and abstract things in the child of three.  
That all make up one wonderful reality.

Just what is reality?  
It's the broken heart that is sure to be,  
When some day soon she'll be gone from me.  
It's the many years that she'll never see  
That all make up one lonely reality.

—Mary Miller, senior  
Stanberry

## REGRETS OF A BRIDGE PLAYER

To study, to work, to dream, to play.  
From all over the world come they,  
An education, they cry, is what we need,  
And then they commit that unwise deed.  
Our studies come first, we can't deny;  
Yet they know all the time it's only a lie.  
For what they really want is the queen, jack, and three,  
And their only reward is an F in math and in English a D.  
And when they flunk out with the F and the D,  
Their only regret is they couldn't draw the three.

—Schultz Hark, freshman

## I AM

I stand  
on the  
street. Alone  
Rain falls,  
Stops.  
Someone calls.  
I don't hear.  
Calls again,  
still  
I don't hear.  
They give up.  
Go  
away. Come  
back.  
Call again.  
I'm not there;  
I left.  
New street,  
rain again,  
downpour.  
I meet  
a lonely man;  
He stands  
in the street  
like me—  
wet.  
Greetings.  
Hello. Leaves.  
I walk  
still alone;  
I think,  
ponder, who  
am I? Who  
am I?  
I ask myself.  
Talk.  
Stop a lady.  
She doesn't know  
who I am.  
She goes.  
I think  
who the hell  
cares who  
I am.  
I say, well  
I am what  
I am.

—Brian Brannon

## THERE IS A GOLDNESS

There is a goldness  
That comes to scatter  
On your lawn  
When least you are aware.

The grasses grow  
To touch it  
As it settles  
Surely there.

Its smidgen casts  
A solid glance  
Before it flirts  
Away.

Don't you think  
You'll have your own  
Special goldness  
Someday?

—Nancy L. Boyd, junior  
Marcus, Iowa

## WHEN AUTUMN

When the brisk nibblings  
Blink at your toes,  
And the startled humblings  
Play at your nose,  
You may see summer's  
Toys grow small  
And cry to see the  
Scurrying up of fall.

—Nancy L. Boyd, junior

## ODE TO A CIGARETTE

Cigarette, cigarette,  
To you I am but a slave.  
I'll probably have you in my  
mouth  
When they lay me in my grave.

—Schultz Hark

## THE NIGHT

The night,  
the still night,  
a shapeless black engulfing an unlit terrain.  
The night,  
with hushing winds and untold secrets.

The bridge,  
the cold bridge,  
a sturdy skeleton joining two unmet soils.  
The bridge,  
with glaring ribs and silvery bones.

The mind,  
the depressed mind,  
a matured confusion sinking to utter despair.  
The mind,  
with tangled mass and unconquered dreams.

The body,  
the weary body,  
a lonely figure clutching the dewy steel.  
The body,  
with stiffened back and withheld breath.

The leap,  
the wild leap,  
a desperate plunge pursuing eventual peace.  
The leap,  
with sprawling limbs and realized mistakes.

The river,  
the murky river,  
a restless soul surging forward.  
The river,  
with broken surface, an opening to Eternity.

—Wava Tackett, senior

## A LEGEND

Melancholy heart  
Blooming in the shade of unrequited love,  
Your beauty is lost in the shadows of complacency  
And your youth grows bitter from the terrible pain  
of his neglect.  
Your color may grow dim from misuse  
and eventually fade and die,  
But love's memory will remain  
fresh and caustic  
Forever.

—Darlene Schmidt, senior  
Fairfax

## ODE TO AN OLD MAN

Coffeehouses and Pseudo Beats Village Greenwich  
Washington Square Centre shardly fascade  
Motley within the midst—and lone—  
Ruffle wings greywhite from pigeons near  
Like the sparrows everywhere blithesome fleer

Mope-about clouds wallow or they malinger  
Personages strange chess tables ancient  
People troupe and transcend glooma's trundle play  
O veer meteroic's time—audacious—

Befall upon parkbench lone—old weary—  
Negro Man beneath age weak senility  
O repose off comes a shoe revealing  
A swollen, a discoloured foot . . . in  
Cloth wrapped

Pintbottle red O wine a nip warmly  
Glow abyss within him somewhere amidst

The bench Man aged and old lies chasmic  
Memoirs linger—alas—merely lapse deep  
Lullaby's reach for gentle etude

The Badge of Law O behold hang about  
A tired man glares Law's Badge—taunt and flout—  
Tear eyes wide rimmed in haste asunder  
Possessions meagre gathered fractured slumber  
Badge of Law cries "Move on, Old Man,  
Move on."

Tired Man weary once more—alone—now  
Washington Square Old Man hobble around  
Some other place—perchance—some  
Other place . . .

—Tony Tiller, freshman  
—Wayne, Pennsylvania

## THE PRISONER

Oft have I looked unto the bounds of space  
And with deep desire dreamt that somehow  
I could crack my impermeable shell  
And fly into the intimate beauty.

But, cobwebs of custom, like rusty wire mesh,  
And intricate interlocking circles of words  
Bind me, trap me,  
In a miserable earthly cage.

Time card, sign-out card, ID and draft cards—  
They say that there is reason in this madness.  
I know the desperate feeling of a fish  
Trying to swim in a net.

God is even bound in books and chained  
To the altar of tradition.  
We are afraid to seek peace or walk in a dark street  
And see the sun rise when the crowds are gone.

To be unleashed from language and propriety—  
To find beauty in the common and imperfect—  
This is my wish  
But I am powerless to break the wall down.

Yet I have a small voice and I will  
Proclaim my miseries to the world.  
Maybe others will hear and together we can  
Unshackle God and learn to walk again.  
—Donna Wishman, freshman  
Ogden, Iowa

## SOME DAY

The tower stands so tall I can't see the top—even if  
I stand on my tiptoes.  
It must be a hundred million feet high.  
One day Del and me tried to climb it, but  
couldn't even reach the bottom bar.  
I betcha my dad could climb it (if he wanted to).  
Some day I'm going to climb that old tower.  
I'm going all the way to the top and I betcha I'll be able  
to see the whole United States of America from up there.  
—Donna Parks, senior  
Carrollton

## COME WHAT MAY

Here I am today with courage;  
Tomorrow I might find fear.  
Yesterday was filled with love;  
Today love is not here.

A week from now life may seem funny;  
If tragedy should come it might seem sad.  
Then the world was full of goodness;  
Now this earth seems all too bad.

My life, as the world, is ever changing;  
So listen to what I say:  
It will do no good to fret or cry;  
So let life bring what it may!  
—John Kincaid, freshman

## WHY STRUGGLE?

I am me and who am I?  
I'm in my head and around me, too.  
An individual? No, made up of others.  
Never alone. The world is there.

The world watches you and pushes you and presses you,  
But it's not the world alone.  
It's you that really bothers you.  
Your conscience keeps you in agony.

You can't blame the people for your misery.  
They're too busy with themselves.  
You eat you; they eat themselves, too.  
We are all tigers in ourselves, fighting to get free.

Fighting to get free of bonds we don't understand—  
Bonds which would free us in the end.  
Bonds which require only acceptance,  
For salvation, when accepted, is not binding.  
—Lylia Haner, freshman  
Woodbine, Iowa

## ANGER

An uncontrollable force wells up inside of me,  
Forcing tears from my eyes  
And hurling my screaming voice to the winds.  
Rage and jealousy replace reason,  
And my aching heart schemes revenge.  
No longer is my body an instrument guided  
by reason and careful thought—  
It is a puppet of immature emotion.

—Cathy Howell, freshman  
Rock Port

IN THE COOL  
OF THE EVENING

In the cool of the evening  
When all has passed to silence,  
I hear nothing but God's creatures  
And I see only hope and faith  
of mind.

I sit complacent in the still  
shadows,  
Feeding my body of the night  
That is silhouetting its loneliness

Upon the breast of the earth.  
Its breath calls my searching  
spirit

With an outcry of need:  
The lonely, despaired, forgotten,  
Love needed and love unreturned.

Memory of these gone from my  
mind,

Returning to reality of selfishness;

In the cool of the evening,  
I see only my hope and faith of  
mind.

—Margaret Hall, sophomore  
Des Moines, Iowa

## MEDITATIONS

## No. 8

Banners do not ever die,  
'Tis said;  
They wave their colors  
in the sky.

Then bled  
Our leader, just the same.  
Die?

We shall all, for shame,

## No. 7

I liked you in that suit  
you wore.  
The color fit you well.  
Its wisdom never shadowed  
more  
Than when I bid you tell  
Me of it, and you went out  
the door.

## No. 8

A song,  
And I smell  
Again the freshness of youth.

I long  
To know if all is well  
And life is truth.  
—Nancy L. Boyd, junior

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Joy to the World, so we claim  
to say.  
Love and joy the people's  
hearts forget,  
Through segregation, wars and  
threats,  
I wonder, is Christmas joy  
really possible today?

Oh Holy Night, how can it  
really be?  
While others cannot see nor  
feel the spirits' joy,  
When seeing in the cold a  
needy girl or boy,  
The Christmas spirit can't hide  
the misery.

Deck the Halls with gifts,  
ribbons and trees,  
Presents, candy, and lights  
aglow,

People searching, longing,  
yearning to know,  
The symbol of our Lord, where  
might that be?

Silent Night, that's not what I  
hear!

The blare of the booming pace,  
Running the endless Christmas  
race,

Will it cease, when time draws  
near?

—Betsy Bouska, sophomore  
Tama, Iowa

## AWAKENING

It is raining;  
The day is dismal; cloudy;  
Sunshine tries to emit  
But is held back by heavy hands.

The flowers awake and lift,  
Their heads high,

The trees, the grass,  
All rejoice for the cool, fresh, drops.

Now a ray of golden is seen;  
Still more push through the grasping,  
groping clouds.

Profusely it comes, beautiful and bright,  
The flowers once again lower their heads,  
The trees, the grass, settle into a  
lackadaisical state.

Until another time when God sees fit,  
To empty His heavens onto Mother Nature's children  
—Cynthia J. Kelly, sophomore  
Redding, Iowa

## YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW

The memories of yesterday  
Follow me into today  
And hold my heart within their midst

Like a still remembered kiss.

I see the sun shine down on ways  
That make up all my yesterdays.

Of all the sorrows, joys, and dreams

Only a haze remains it seems.

Today I've started other ways

Far from those of my yesterdays,  
And many times I greatly fear

That these days have become too dear

And like the rest must fly away

To become another yesterday.

Tomorrow waits somewhere in space

For me to come and take my place

And while I shun that unknown path;

I know that it too will pass

And will in time's own secret way

Make all my tomorrows—yesterdays.

—Cynthia Darnell, sophomore  
Savannah, Missouri

## THE HARVESTER

It stands  
tower above the hedgerows,  
stauch and cold,  
a masterpiece of design—  
not of gracious lines  
but a symmetry of geometric shapes.  
a symbol of efficiency.

The engine roars,  
pulleys turn,  
the green monster, like a locust  
with revolving palps,  
sweeps the crop

on to the twelve-foot auger

as it scours up and down the field.

—Michael J. R. Thompson  
Special Student  
Bury St. Edmunds, England

## BE WITCHCRAFT

Let fire  
Burn away ire.

The muckle wheel from the Island of Mull  
Turns East to West over nine oakwood spindles  
Till need-fire flashes out fast to annul.  
The darkness of hatred when friction quick kindles  
And nine naked sisters who pilot the wheel  
Let bitterness burn, let the flames purely feed  
Without slack.

Let fire

Burn away ire

As black under magic moves back.

—Cathy Howell, freshman  
Rock Port

## WHOSE KEYS FALL ON A SILVER RING

Believe not that she lives alone  
Nor sleeps behind a drawn latchstring  
Whose laughter seasons wood and stone  
Whose keys fall on a silver ring.

She steps to seek whatever comes  
And turns the locks where secrets hide;  
She molds her loaf from scattered crumbs  
Found where the next door opens wide.  
The threshold breathes of air unknown  
And wakes a woman vagabond;  
Believe not that she lives alone  
Whose keys unlock some place beyond.

—Cathy Howell, freshman  
Rock Port

## SMU Chaplain to Keynote Religious Week



The Rev. J. Claude Evans

With the MSC campus looking forward to one of the most spiritually rewarding experiences of the year, we open our arms to new

achievements and ideals, and to those who have made them. Such a person is the Rev. J. Claude Evans, chief speaker for Religious Emphasis Week this year.

The Reverend Evans was born in Anderson, S. C., and lived there during his childhood. As he grew older, he was educated mainly at Wofford College in Spartanburg, S. C. There he obtained two degrees, his Bachelor of Arts in theology and his Doctor of Divinity.

He also earned a Bachelor of Divinity degree at Duke University. He has served as a Naval chaplain, director of the Wesley Foundation, and editor of the South Carolina Methodist Advocate. At present, he is the chaplain at Southern Methodist University.

Aside from the pastoral duties in the United States, the Reverend Evans has traveled to Europe to participate in a "Seminar on Contemporary Theology." His hobbies include golf, birdwatching, and writing.

When Hugh Hefner was doing a particular series in Playboy Magazine about his Playboy philosophy, he interviewed the Reverend Evans to produce some rather pointed and controversial editorials.

Those in charge of Religious Emphasis week believe that the Reverend Evans will have some interesting discussion topics for the students on the MSC campus. His understanding of the student situations in life and his contemporary approach to religion will, most certainly, provide us with a very real and concrete understanding of the pending issue, "Thy Neighbor."

Diana Wiley

## Student From Korea Adds To International Zeal at MSC

By Phil Wise

Among the students adding international flair to Northwest Missouri State College, is In Whan Oh, senior from South Korea.

Oh, who is president of the International Student Organization on campus, has to his credit a distinction that is thought to be unequalled by others in this area. He possesses a black belt proficiency rating in both judo and karate.

Oh's home town is Seoul, the capital of South Korea. He pointed out that Seoul "is a hill-girted city of about three and one-half million people and is tranquilly beautiful." Oh is taking an industrial arts major and drafting minor at MSC. After graduation, he plans to work for his master's degree.

The International Student Organization, which is "new" on campus, is made up of stu-

dents who discuss their various countries in an attempt to increase international understanding. Oh stated that the group now numbers nine, but he feels that the number will increase. It is not limited to foreign students, as any interested person may join.

Oh started his study of the ancient sports of judo and karate in high school and then continued with private lessons. If a person can defeat three others in his belt class during competition, he himself moves up a degree. Oh now holds the highest rating possible. He pointed out that karate is his favorite of the two sports.

He enjoyed these sports at home but has little chance to participate in them at college. He finds satisfaction elsewhere, such as in working with the organization he heads.

### John Iwen Elected Gamma Delta Leader

John Iwen, Persia, Iowa, is the new president of Epsilon Lambda Chapter of Gamma Delta, campus organization for Lutheran students.

Other new officers are Carol Ristau, LaVerne, Iowa, vice president; Marilyn Loots, Manson, Iowa, secretary, and Marcus Paulsen, Avoca, Iowa, treasurer. The Rev. Norman Abbott, pastor of the Hope Lutheran Church, Maryville, is the chapter adviser.

## Linda Sweeney Named Candidate For Woodrow Wilson Fellowship

Miss Linda Sweeney, MSC senior, has been named regional candidate for a Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship.

Miss Sweeney was nominated by Robert Sunkel. Included in her candidacy ma-



Linda Sweeney

terial were a 1,000-word statement of her intellectual interests, her transcript of college credits, three letters of recommendation, a foreign language competence form, and a photo.

The purpose and scope of the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowships is to attract men and women to the profession of college teaching. Each year the foundation awards fellowships to 1,000 prospective first-year graduate students and honorable mention to another 1,500. Woodrow Wilson Fellows are selected from about 11,000 candidates nominated by college faculty members in the United States and Canada. Through funds granted by the Ford Foundation, a fellow is fully supported for one academic year at a United States or Canadian graduate school.

The Foundation primarily supports candidates in the hu-

manities and social sciences, but students in art history and musicology are also eligible to receive the fellowships. Nominees are men and women of outstanding intellectual promise, graduates of or seniors in the colleges and universities of the United States or Canada and, at the time of nomination, not registered in a graduate school.

Miss Sweeney, Afton, Iowa, is majoring in art. She is president of the Book Club, a member of Kappa Pi, Kappa Delta Pi, and SNEA. She has had paintings in student exhibitions and has had poems published in the Northwest Missourian during each of her four years at MSC.

### Kansas Faculty Offers College Scholarships

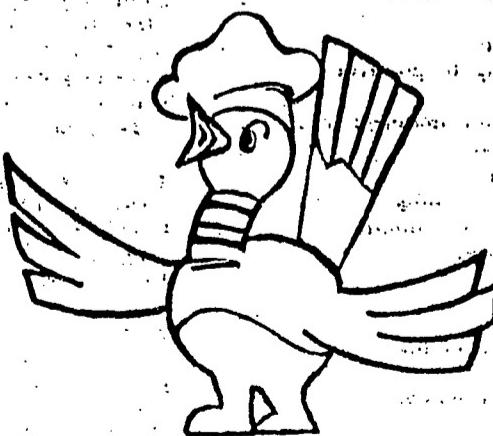
The Shawnee Mission High School's Teachers Association is offering \$1,000.00 in scholarships to college upperclassmen.

The money will be divided into five \$200.00 stipends. A student applying for one of the stipends must be a junior or senior in the 1966-67 school year and must plan to make teaching his career.

Application forms may be secured from the guidance office at Shawnee Mission East High School, 7500 Mission Road, Shawnee Mission, Kas., 66208. Other information regarding the awards may be secured from Philip Larson, chairman of the association's scholarship committee.

## Warm Up Down at S. Main with Hamburger, French Fries, Hot Chocolate

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Monday, Feb. 14th

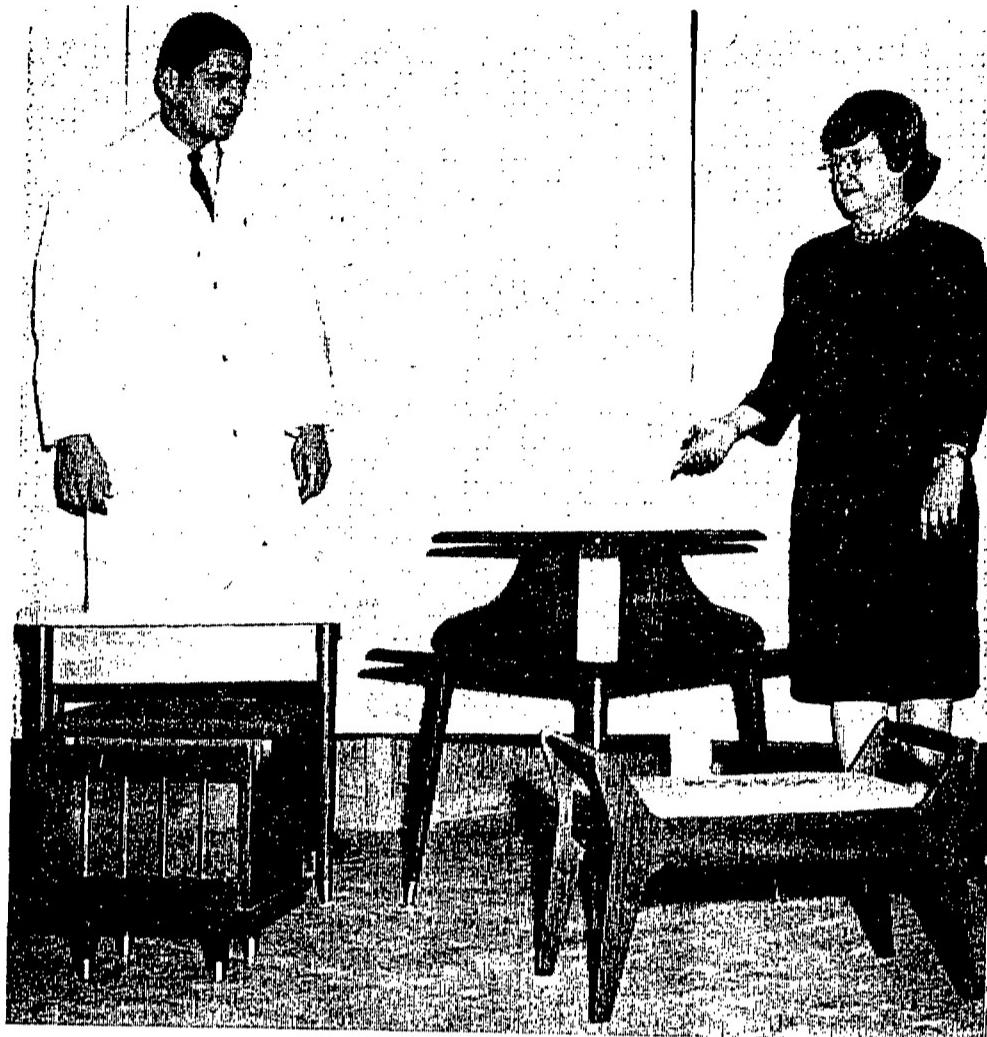
**Condon's Corner Drug**

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If your name appears in this ad, clip it out and bring it to our store to receive a free malt.

Dick Cook Mary Potter Rosa Marie Jackson  
David Cooper Bob Pulley Jean Kokesh Mr. Earle Moss  
Alice Kaminska Jay Rush Mrs. Esther Sellers Alan Peterson  
Howard Corey Linda Rusco  
Mr. Luke Boone George Sedwick

# Diversified Instruction Offered Students



PLEASED WITH RESULTS of her work with a small portable wood-working machine, Mrs. W. L. Landfather shows one of her two original woodworking creations to Kirk Dalbey, industrial arts major.

## Nearly 800 Students Take Courses During Semester

Enough students to do the work in a middle-sized town received training in the industrial arts building at Northwest Missouri State College during the past semester.

Donald N. Valk, chairman of the industrial arts department, reported that a total of 771 students were enrolled in the 33 classes offered by the department during the period.

Offered are a wide variety of elective courses consisting of 11 drafting courses, technical drawing, descriptive geometry, courses in architecture, machine details and specialty drawing, woodworking, electricity and electronics, welding, machine shop, general metal, foundry, graphic arts, power mechanics, crafts, and elementary industrial arts.

Often in use are the five lecture rooms in the I. A. building since approximately from one-third to one-half of each course is devoted to lectures, Mr. Valk explained.

The industrial arts department at MSC has progressed far in the last 30 years, with seven additions to the plant having been made at various times. More than 30,000 square feet of space is now being utilized, making it, Mr. Valk reported, the largest industrial arts department in the state of Missouri.

MSC cooperates with the University of Missouri and the University of Missouri at Rolla in what is called a three-two program. An engineering student may stay at MSC for three years, attend one of the other two schools for two years, and then receive an AB degree from MSC and a BS degree from the cooperating institution.

Approximately 100 engineering students were enrolled at MSC last semester. The majority of these will attend MSC for two years and then transfer to a school of engineering to earn an engineering degree.

Faculty members serving in the department, in addition to Mr. Valk, are Kenneth T. Thompson, David W. Crozier, Howard W. Ringold, Dr. Peter A. Jackson, Dr. LeRoy Crist, and Donald M. Froelich.

Anticipated for the future is a new addition to the I. A. center to be built at an estimated cost of \$600,000.



IN GRAPHIC ARTS, students Jim Schope and Bruce Fife learn how to enlarge and reduce plates that can be used for printing purposes.

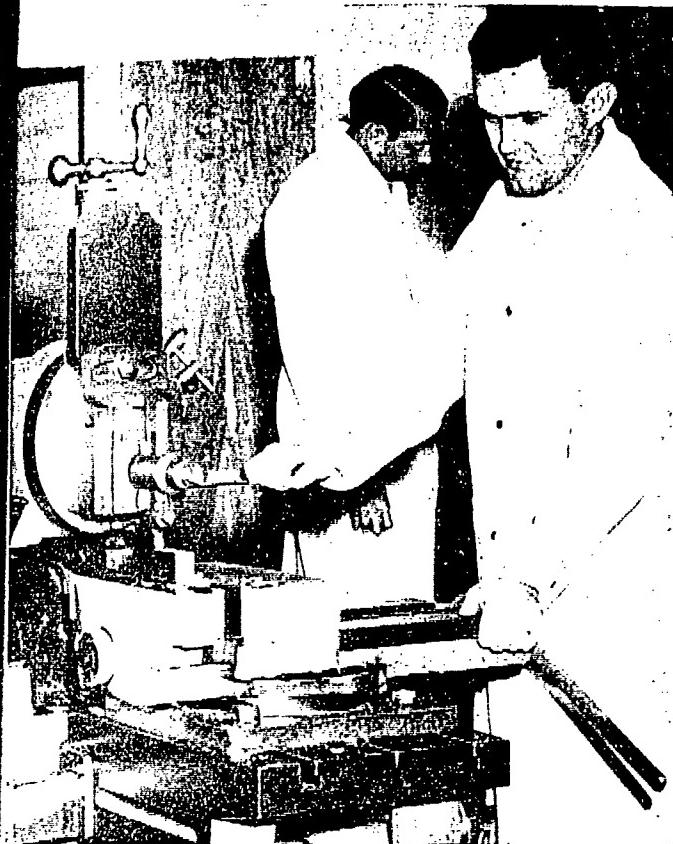


READY TO PRINT 50 pages per minute, Ralph Litten tries out the offset high speed printing press.

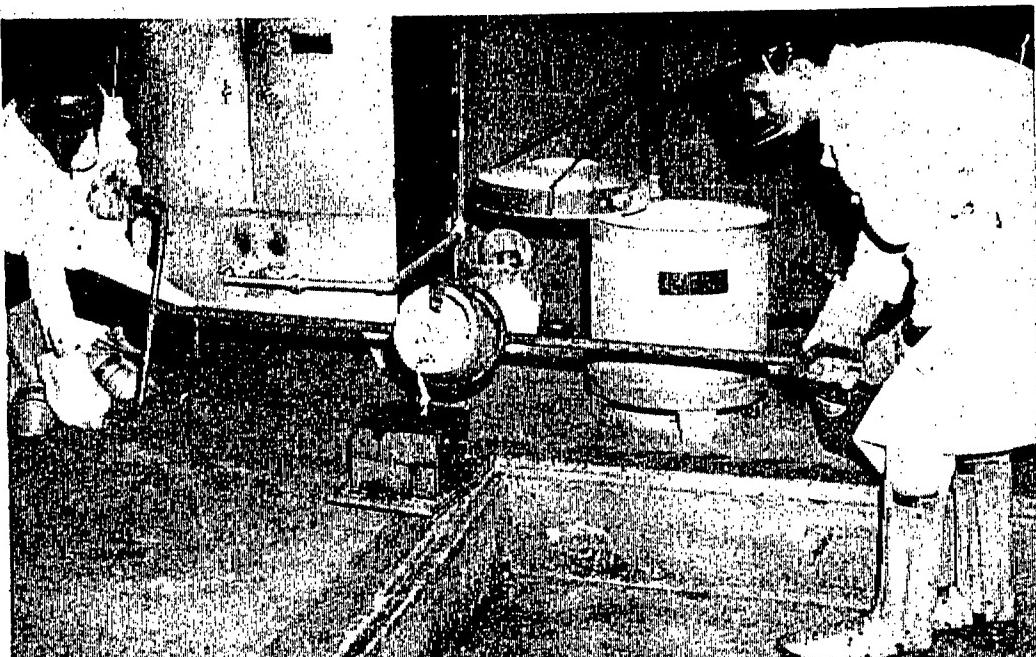
BEFORE CONSTRUCTING larger projects Doyle Dinkens, Gene Beck, Wiley Madison, and Charles Arms work in their oxy-acetylene and electric arc-welding class. These students constructed the benches on which the welding is being done.



# in Industrial Arts



**REDUCING AND SMOOTHING** metal pieces, George Rentfrow and Charles Arms demonstrate the operation of the large metal shaper.



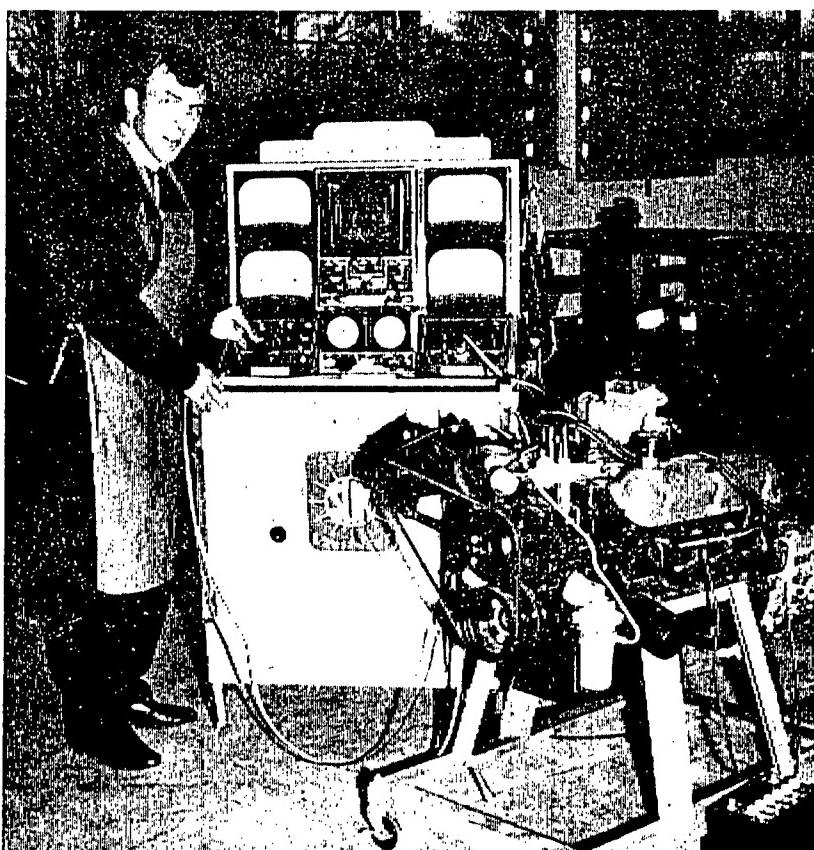
**IN GENERAL SHOP** Bernard Braunschweig and Jim Hall pour molten aluminum into a sand mold, which they designed, as they cast their projects.



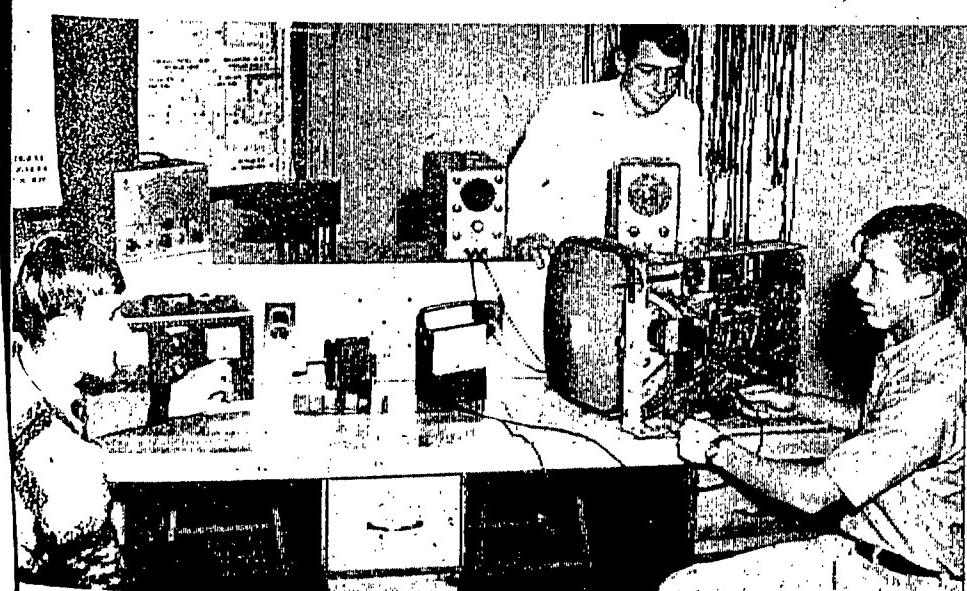
**SOFT METAL** and hand tool projects are being completed by Marlene Morris, Susan Rogness, Patty Chappell, Kay Elder, and Pat Furlong, future elementary teachers.



**WITH THE PLATEN** stand and press, Dale Gross can print letterheads and miscellaneous small single items.



**OPERATOR** of the machine for testing internal combustion is Richard Saemisch, who is shown in the power mechanics class, where students work with engines of this type.



**Betrothals Announced**

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Bailey, Liberty, announce the engagement of their daughter, Linda, to Gary Tracy, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Tracy, Des Moines. Miss Bailey is a social affiliate of Delta Zeta and was enrolled last semester as a junior. Mr. Tracy, a sophomore at MSC, and Miss Bailey plan an August wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth J. Orcutt, St. Joseph, announce the engagement of their daughter, Michelle, to Ron Murawski, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Murawski, St. Joseph.

Miss Orcutt is a freshman at MSC, and Mr. Murawski is a senior.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Adams, Kellerton, Ia., announce the engagement of their daughter, Charlotte Ann, to David A. Jennings, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Jennings, Ellston, Ia.

Miss Adams is a sophomore majoring in elementary education at MSC. Mr. Jennings is stationed with the Army at Fort Leonard Wood.

Mrs. Mary Jane Redd, St. Louis, announces the engagement of her daughter Regina Ann, to John Francis Wilcox, son of Lt. Col. and Mrs. George W. Wilcox, Wichita Falls, Tex.

Miss Redd is a sophomore majoring in history at MSC. Mr. Wilcox is serving with the Army at Schimia, Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Estes, Osceola, Ia., announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter,

Diane, to Dean Schantz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Schantz, Red Oak, Ia.

Miss Estes, a senior studying in elementary education, is a 3-year member of the Delta Zeta sorority. Mr. Schantz, a 1964 graduate of MSC, is teaching history at the Maryville High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom B. Hardiman, Storm Lake, Ia., announce the engagement of their daughter, Dorothy Jean, to Ronald Robert Mitchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell, Storm Lake.

Miss Hardiman is a junior majoring in mathematics. A counselor in Roberta Hall, she is a member of the Alpha Sigma Alpha sorority. Mr. Mitchell, a junior majoring in physical education, is a member of the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes, Sidney, Iowa, announce the engagement of their daughter, Linda Kay, to Leslie J. Dawson, son of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Dawson, Sidney.

Both are attending MSC, where she is a sophomore majoring in elementary education and he is a junior majoring in chemistry and mathematics.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Bray, Weatherby, announce the engagement of their daughter, Kay Frances, to Randy Lee Phillips, son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Phillips, Weatherby Lake, Mo.

The bride-elect is a sophomore and her fiance a junior at MSC. Mr. Phillips is in the Phi Sigma Epsilon fraternity.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Minshall, Pickering, announce the engagement of their daughter, Irene, to David Mooney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mooney, Hopkins.

Both are freshmen at MSC. Miss Minshall is a business major. Her fiance is majoring in accounting.

**GREEK LIFE**

Recent Greek activities include the following pinning:

Judy Miller, Delta Zeta, St. Joseph, to Jim Hoitz, Tau Kappa Epsilon, Des Moines, Iowa. Jeannie McCormick, Delta Zeta, Independence, Mo., to Larry Anderson, Alpha Kappa Lambda, Essex, Iowa.

Add up all the victims of blindness, paralytic polio, cerebral palsy, rheumatic heart disease. Twice that total are mentally retarded.

What are you going to do about it?

Write for the free booklet from the President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C.

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**Coed Receives Bid From Peace Corps**

Miss Sandi Coffin, MSC senior from Grand Island, Neb., has been invited to train for Peace Corps service.

Miss Coffin, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Coffin, Grand Island, has been active in many campus activities. She has been vice president and president of Phi Mu Fraternity. She has also served as secretary of Daughters of Diana, treasurer



Sandi Coffin

of Cardinal Key and Panhellic Council, Homecoming committee member, and AWS representative. She is now serving as a student senator.

Miss Coffin is a French major and a mathematics minor. Besides being active in many social functions, the honoree has maintained an overall grade point average of 2.6.

If Miss Coffin carries out her present plans, her training for Peace Corps work will begin this summer.



. . . The Stroller wishes he could be a stowaway in Iris Jean Dick's luggage later this month as she flies to Madrid, Spain, for a several months visit, with side trips to many other interesting places in Europe.

Miss Dick, '68, an art major, plans to enroll in some college art classes while in Madrid. She will resume her studies here next fall.

In the Spanish capital, she will be a guest in the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William Kurtz. Mr. Kurtz, an MSC graduate, has been teaching on Army Air Force bases in Spain the past three years. His wife, the former Miss Sharon Dick, also attended MSC.

. . . One door in Golden Hall came out second in an early-morning bout with three stray students.

How the youths got into CH at a pre-dawn hour is still unsolved, but how they got out after being surprised while rifling through an instructor's desk is no secret. Their glass-shattering, nerve-wracking exit was coupled with fruitless efforts.

Moral: Men who delve in and out of glass houses would find studying easier than stealing tests.

. . . How proud the Stroller was when he cruised along on the Tower Choir tour last week.

Rounds of applause at every concert proved that the MSC singers had great audience appeal.



READY TO PROTECT: Ginger Nitti's home are Paul Oakley, Dave Harris, John Farnham, and Harry Harper, members of the Northeast Missouri State Teachers College cast that presented "The Firebugs" here as an exchange play Thursday night. A review of the College Players' production will appear in next week's Missourian.

Photo, courtesy of Currell's Photography

**Spirit Needed**

What has happened to the cheering crowds that once filled Lamkin Gymnasium to cheer the MSC Bearcats to victory?

When the crowds no longer cheer, the cheerleaders lose their zip, and the pep band loses its pep, where will the Bearcats get the enthusiasm to play well for their school?

**IMB Hours Listed**

The Instructional Materials Bureau, located in the northeast wing of the main floor of Wells Library, is open at the following hours:

Monday — Friday, 8:30 a.m.; 1—4:30 p.m.; 7—10 p.m.; Saturday, 8:30 a.m.

peal, both as a group and solo appearances Rose Adams, Dale Hopkins, sopranos; Jo Corbett, Dick Harover, Brad Downey, and Dave Taylor basses, were the featured soloists with the 44-member choir directed by Byron Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell was the accompanist.

. . . Advice to the coed who wants to get the knack of providing a pleasant, colorful home setting for the man in her future: Enroll in Miss Ruth Mansell's home decoration class.

Business women who heard her lecture last week say their school lessons were never so fascinating and not half as much fun as the illustrated talk the MSC instructor gave.

**Student Forum**

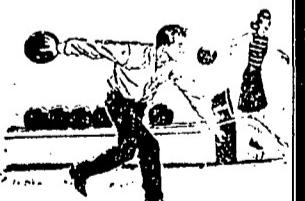
To the Editor:

I would like to speak about the social functions on the campus of Northwest Missouri State this year. They are virtually non-existent.

Upon our return to college this fall, we were informed that den dances were a thing of the past because they present a fire hazard. I am in argument or support of this point.

I believe that a live band is not essential for a dance to be successful. We got along quite well last year without paying \$1 or \$2, depending on whether we had a date, for every dance we attended. These \$1 dances at the armory bring very few stag girls across campus, and I believe anyone will agree that a dance is not a dance without girls. For the group with dates, it is a well-known fact that most college students cannot afford a \$2 bill for every date.

—A sophomore

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Keep fit . . . have fun bowling here, where automatic equipment, well-kept lanes produce high-scoring results!

Open Bowling  
12-6 p.m. Weekdays,  
Friday Night,  
All Day Saturday  
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FINEST IN MIDWEST

WEEKLY SHOW GUIDE  
THRILL TONITE or SAT.

**JOHN WAYNE**  
at his toughest!

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TECHNICOLOR

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**GOODBYE CHARLIE**  
tony curtis  
debbie reynolds  
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## ACROPHOBIA

When I pause to consider the swift constant movement of the earth Speeding with its cosmos—whirling and spinning far into the unknown void, I frantically reach for a solid steadfast oak, and grasp it firmly Lest I be flung away to become forever lost, forgotten flotsam, Doomed to drift helplessly in space.

—Martha Cooper, junior  
Maryville

## QUESTION

My mind is in a depression, for all of my Expression is just a dirge of words.

Somber sadness evolves and all my thoughts don't solve the feeling of ennui that my fellow man has for me.

If only I could choose the right clues to help me find the way to that so-called better day.

Are the answers really there? Can I find them in the meadow by kicking around clods of grass, Or grabbing the sparrow's feet and letting him pull me into the air?

Are they under the stumps and rocks where the things that scurry crawl and die,

OR are they concerned with things so small? I'll cry to the hillside and beyond the birches where the silent shadow lurks.

I ask for the truth, "What is the truth?" and my answer will echo back,

As I turn, the wind brings the song of the distance, the frightening, darkening distance, Where the dead do their dance.

If I wait long enough, the sun will shine and ease my pain; And if I wait a little longer, it will rain.

—John Sander, junior  
Ogden, Iowa

## NIGHT

Dawn. Shadows disappear; now gone is my fear, the fear of the dark, of the unknown. Night's here again. I lie awake and listen to the moans, groans, and sounds of the night. I think that I might never see daylight again. Why must I be so afraid, afraid of the dark night?

—Brian Brannon

## I AM THE ENDLESS WANERER

Go up.  
Go down.  
Here smile;  
There frown.

Go south;  
Go north.  
Come here;  
Go forth.

Go east;  
Go west.  
So tired,  
No rest.

I am.  
I was.  
I was.  
I am . . .

I am the endless wanderer.

—John Kincaid, freshman

## OUT OF MY HEART

I say, "I love you," and the words are bells. You hold them to your ear as if desire Were caught in them, as the sea in shells. I merely whisper and you hear a choir; And yet, the words I speak are love's least part.

Were I a parrot or some talking bird, I could learn these few syllables by heart And endlessly repeat them, word for word. It is not what I say that makes love real; When I feel deepest, I grope for speech And find no words to tell you what I feel. Out of my heart and into yours I reach. No need have I to touch your hand; I do not need to speak—you understand.

—Cathy Howell, freshman  
Rock Port

## YOU'RE NOT HERE

You're not here  
All hair and eyes  
Mirthful way say  
You "aye"  
Impulses once  
Ours, remember?

Memories pursue  
Dreamlike of You  
They dare appear  
At gloam's hour fade  
Might they too  
Disappear like  
You?

Parcel out instants  
Once among Us—bygone  
Malingers your tarnished  
Image still  
Mercy's raining now,  
Fine mistlike rain  
For You, remember?  
You're not  
Here.

—Tony Tiller, freshman  
Wayne, Pennsylvania

## WHY SANTA?

Personally, I think it weird  
That both Santa and Jesus had  
a beard:

What can be more religiously  
symbolic  
Than to have fathers drink and  
mothers frolic.

Why are parents proud when  
their own children admire  
That fat old North Pole Squire,

Who has a large tummy,  
prob'ly from drinking beer,  
And all he does is ride in his  
sleigh and look at the hind  
ends of his reindeer?

More people would believe in  
Xmas on the condition  
That our ancestors would have  
abolished that tradition.

But mine is not to judge their  
cause,  
They may not know a Jesus  
Christ, but God knows they  
love Santa Claus.

—John Sander, junior  
Ogden, Iowa

## ON VALUES

I have just spent  
My last cent  
For books,  
While my bills,  
Unpaid,  
Are forgot.  
I know I should  
Be penitent,  
But somehow,  
I am not!

—Nancy L. Boyd, junior

## WHEN AUTUMN

When the brisk nibblings  
Blink at your toes,  
And the startled humblings  
Play at your nose,  
You may see summer's  
Toys grow small  
And cry to see the  
Scurrying up of fall.

—Nancy T. Boyd, junior

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Four Full-Time  
Barbers to Serve You

Check our mirrors to see if  
your name appears for a

FREE GIFT

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## NORTHWEST MISSOURIAN FEB. 4, 1966 PAGE NINE

## THE SHIELDING SNOW

Darkness descends down upon us fast;  
swiftly, silently, suddenly, at last;  
we can go out and be ourselves,  
now no one can ever know;  
they can't see us through the snow;  
The snow that falls upon our faces,  
disguises us—our different races.  
The snow hides us from those who made their mark,  
so we can be together only after dark,  
the snow that falls is fresh and clean,  
and thinking that we can't be seen,  
we feel we are safe and secure,  
and yet we both shed a tear  
knowing we can't be seen in the light,  
'cause you are black and I am white.

—Brian Nelsen, freshman  
Davenport, Iowa

## HUMAN GODS

The city, people all around,  
strangers you haven't found  
a friendly face, a friendly voice.  
You walk alone, you have no choice.  
Tall buildings on all sides  
locking you up; you must abide  
by the laws of mighty nature.  
Will you be able to long endure  
the survival of the fittest  
or have you already guessed:  
you fight alone against the odds,  
all alone against human gods.

—Brian Nelsen, freshman

## COMPREHENSION

Comprehension?  
No. Not even understanding.  
Oh, perhaps a little of the latter. But more bewilderment  
than knowing. To reason or comprehend is impossible,  
For here, there is no reasoning, or so they say. To see  
Immobility, wrong, too. Only movement, swaying,  
Back, forth; up, down; left, right; these are the things,  
Or so they say. No color, but certainly not blackness.  
No pictures; or are there? There are the dreams, twitching,  
Chasing—in them, there is movement. I know, or do I?  
They say no, but has one of them ever entered into my world?  
It would be impossible, so they say; they analyze,  
Predict, comprehend, and their knowing looks say,  
"Impossible." But I know better, or do I?

—Cathy Howell, freshman  
Rock Port

## A PAUSE FOR THANKS

A pause for thanks in this busy nation,  
To remember the maker and his promised salvation.  
Thoughts of the pilgrims long, long ago  
Who gave of their blessings that men might know;  
The kindness of their fellow man,  
The friendship of a helping hand.

A pause for thanks if just for one day,  
For someone to remember a blessing always.  
One day which is thoughtfully set aside,  
To cherish so many dreams which in spirit do abide.  
At this time or any day, pause and say,  
Have I counted by blessings for this day?

—Norma Burton, sophomore  
Clarksdale

## LIFE'S WALK

Walk yet not another step—  
My way is blind;  
I cannot see,  
But travel on though, I know not where  
The eternal path will lead me.

Walk yet not another step—  
I have traveled far,  
Beyond I cannot say,  
Perceiving nothing, but everything  
Through each passing day:

Walk yet not another step  
That I may find  
God's path which lays  
Our faith within the midst of life,  
Man's thorn-grown winding pathway.

Walk yet not another step—  
God transcends above;  
Celestial light o'er all is shown;  
Yet walk we must another step;  
There is no light in man alone.

—Betsy Bouska, sophomore  
Tama, Iowa

## FLIGHT OF LOVE

It is an irrational pressure—that of a busy fly flitting 'round my head. It speaks as his unsteady buzz—sometimes far away, more often very near. It plagues my soul; mars my dreams; clouds my hopes; encompasses my thoughts. But it is a very way of life—a bustling, buzzing, bubonic fly.

That sign of life may be destroyed by something so simple as the back of my hand. Likewise, all symbols of that happy life may be erased, but the hissing remains. Perhaps it will last forever?

The fly came near, it touched—it stung. The creature is out of the realm of sight, but the pain lingers; it lasts; it cries. There will always be a scar—of what there once was, and never more will be?

—Marjorie Hitchcock, sophomore  
Atlantic, Iowa

## WHAT IS A TREE?

One of the most lavish things I have ever seen is a tree. One may ask, "What is a tree?" The dictionary defines it as a woody perennial plant having one main trunk which develops many branches. This definition, however, is quite insufficient. A tree deserves more than this brief description, for it is one of the most beautiful creations in the world.

A tree reaches its summit in the summertime. It stretches high with its leafy branches spreading toward the sky as if it were giving thanks to God for life. At all times its leaves are catching sun rays and rain drops to provide it with the energy to stand tall and protect everything beneath its spanning branches. A tree in the rain seems to sparkle all over as if it were trying to express its satisfaction with this somewhat rare refreshment of cool water.

In the winter, a tree is a spectacle to remember. It rises high above the snow-covered ground, contrasting greatly with the weaker creations, as if it were saying, "Here I am, the Ruler of Nature." The tree stands up to these words in many ways, one of which is its artistic ability. The tree catches snow as it falls and piles it neatly on its branches, converting itself into a salient snowman. What other wonder of nature can do this?

The death of a tree is not like the death of a normal human. It dies leaf by leaf, branch by branch, in a type of supreme solitude. Even after the tree loses all traces of life, it stands erect for many years in defiance of all.

What is a tree? A tree is more than just a perennial plant. It is one of nature's most exquisite works of art. There are few, if any, displays of nature which are more durable, artistic, or beautiful than a tree.

—Steve Wolverton  
Kansas City, Missouri

## THE RACK

The following story is Roger Oglesby's answer to a quotation in relation to Antigone. "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." In his English class, the student was asked to defend or attack the above quotation.

**IMPRISONED!** My very mind reels at the thought of capture on this, eve of a monumental day — August, 29, 2000. The security has been foolproof. Only I and the other seven colonels in command had been told of the plan of attack. Had all gone well, the enemy would have been crushed before noon tomorrow by a fantastic blow at the capital itself. But now . . .

It seems unbelievable that the scheme devised for guarding us seven could have gone wrong, but fate has again reminded man not to step beyond his bounds — not to think himself infallible. Only in this manner can I explain why the power failed during that one instant while we were under the only skylight along the conveyor belt which was carrying us through the tunnel to the vault where we were to sleep — why at that same instant the reconnaissance patrol of Red Chinese happened along and heard our startled shouts. Still we could have escaped, but I tripped, bringing one of my companions, Colonel Volstov, down with me to the steel belt. It was no trick then for the Chinese, on investigation, to carry our unconscious bodies through

the skylight to this prison camp.

But so much for fate. Now a much more dire calamity hangs over my head — a fatal decision. The valiant Russian colonel has refused to divulge our plan of attack on the morrow, at the peril of his own life. And now they have come to me with a horrible proposition. Either I must tell all or Volstov will be pulled limb from limb on the rack — an old invention never grown obsolete. As I looked at his now sightless eyes and the stubs where his fingers once were, the tremendous weight on my shoulders seemed to force me almost to the floor. Volstov — my best friend, quite nearly my only friend now — or the company of snot-nosed kids under my command: one or the other must perish.

My thoughts race back to the old Greek tragedy I read in college, Antigone. But Antigone's decision seems much simpler in the face of my predicament. She had only her own life to lose for an ideal. I must sacrifice the life of another to stand by my country. What had the young Greek lady to gain? Martyrdom lay open for her, while for me, who knows what fate shall decide. Will my comrades look at me as a patriot or as one who threw away the life of another?

There was another possibility which must be considered. Not a month before a young lieutenant, I believe his name was Smith, had been captured.

He had divulged information concerning a major attack but our forces were ready. We had changed the plan, and the enemy, following Smith's instructions, had fallen into a trap. Would they actually expect me to do so?

The time draws near, and I must decide. Either path ends in betrayal, but whose interests must I consider foremost? Suddenly I see it! There is no place for subjective analysis here. I must consider the problem and weigh the two sides as a machine. Which is more important one man or an entire company? Doubts must be allayed. My comrades must trust me and have faith in me. Volstov must die!

—Roger Oglesby, freshman  
Maryville

## But Not for Me

Time's Square is a cheerful place on New Year's Eve. Thousands of people from all walks of life gather there with welcoming in the new year their sole purpose. Prejudice and hate are forgotten by the milling throngs.

In the throngs there are Negroes, whites, and Orientals. There are Catholics, Hindus, atheists, and Jews. Among the crowds are businessmen, actors, cops, janitors, brokers, bakers, and candlestickmakers. The people are drawn together in a single nationality, a single religion, by their sole purpose. They are united suddenly by one festive occasion.

I sit, as I have for years, alone in my apartment overlooking the square. I gaze at the milling thousands. Joy is in the air; the festive holiday season is all around me. It is a happy night—but not for me. I'm one of the few people who realize the new year, which my fellowmen are so joyously welcoming in, will soon become a year of hate and violence. I know many of the young men will soon be going overseas never to celebrate another new year. The whites in the crowd will turn against the black. The unity of the people will be broken on the morrow. The Catholic will persecute the Jews, the janitor will complain about the government, the cops will kill, and the brokers will swindle many people.

I sit here alone, wishing as I watch the thousands of cheering people that every day of the year could be like New Year's Eve. I wish the unity of the people would never be broken and that hate and prejudice would be forgotten forever.

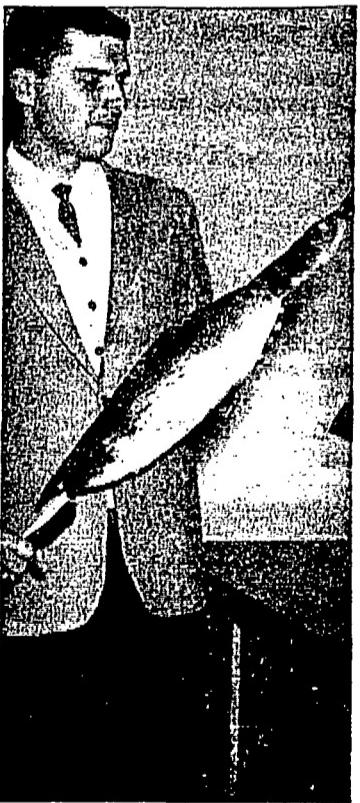
I wish the people on the square could just sit here like me, looking down at the crowds, so they could see the love and unity of the occasion. Time's Square on New Year's Eve is a square filled with love, but the love soon diminishes, and the unity is broken. I hope our world soon realizes that if we are to remain we must have a Time's Square all over the world and a New Year's Eve every day of the year.

—Brian Nehlsen, freshman

## Student Returns to MSC

Carolyn Currier, '67, is back in school this semester after recuperating from injuries suffered in an automobile accident Aug. 28.

## Into Dark Caves, Pools Ventures Instructor-Collector



PRESERVED LOON skin, a new addition to the biology department at MSC, is inspected by Mr. Easterla.

By Kay Weidenhaft

Have you ever shared "the old swimming hole" with several thousand leeches or ventured into a dark, mysterious cave to capture a vampire bat?

David A. Easterla has had a great number of interesting and exciting experiences of this type during his several trips to



SNAKES long have been fascinating to Mr. Easterla, and this live bullsnake, one of several used for study in MSC biology classes, is no exception.

Mexico. During six weeks, as a member of a group of students from the University of Kansas, Mr. Easterla learned how to collect specimens with emphasis being placed upon amphibians, reptiles, birds, and mammals.

While in the west-coast state of Sinaloa, the MSC biology instructor salled

with turtle fishermen to the island of Tiburon (meaning shark). There he was able to collect a species of ground squirrel that is found nowhere else in the world.

During his two-week encampment near El Fuerte, which is along the Rio Fuerte River, he observed birds and several



UNUSUAL BATS hold interest for Mr. Easterla, who has a rare collection of the spotted mammals.

large snakes. At night, as he and his colleagues drove through the countryside, many desert animals scurried across in front of them. Special note was taken of rattlesnakes such as the sidewinder.

On one particularly hot afternoon, as the group endeavored to swim in a seemingly

(Continued on page 11)

## NORTHWEST MISSOURIAN

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## Pay the Price

The march is on. Northwest Missouri State College is on the move, the march of progress.

The most beautiful campus in the Midwest looks like a training camp for men students who fail to fulfill their academic commitments and in turn have to fulfill their military obligations in the rice paddies and rugged terrain of Southeast Asia. It is still, however, a training ground for teachers and accountants, artists and social scientists. We build men—and women, the college leaders could say. We build Americans, better citizens.

To increase this people potential, the college is constructing new dorms and classroom buildings, enlarging and revamping the J. W. Jones Union Building, and creating temporary campus obstructions. Workmen are moving dirt north of the Union, digging new pipe lines to serve the new dormitories and science building, piling mountains of dirt which restrict driving and parking facilities.

But it's worth it.

If we can survive the hardships of walking out of our way, of trying to maintain a little extra patience and cooperation, of parking our cars closer to each other, or parking off campus, we can enjoy the benefits of this progressive move. The college can build more people and build them better.

It's the price of progress.

It's the price we have to pay. If you aren't willing to do so, fill in your price here \$..... and take it to the business office. The strength, the hope of MSC and America lies in those who don't cash in now.

## Cardinal Key Taps Into Dark Caves

(Continued from page 10)

clear stream, they found it infested with hair-like leeches that immediately attached themselves to the swimmers' bodies in such large numbers that a cluster of them appeared as one great mass.

As a graduate student at the University of Mexico, Mr. Easterla traveled to a cave near Xilitla. There he observed and collected vampire bats, which feed only upon the blood of sleeping animals. These bats resemble mice in their habits of running up and down walls of the cave and hiding in cracks. The students captured the specimens with nets.

Mr. Easterla's collection of eight spotted bats is believed to be the largest collection of this rare species. There are only 20 known specimens of this type in the world.

Mr. Easterla received his bachelor's and master's degrees in Wildlife Conservation at the University of Missouri and plans to return there to work toward his doctor's degree in ornithology or mammalogy.

Presently Mr. Easterla is program director of the Maryville Audubon Society. He is also vice president of the Missouri Audubon Conservation Association and a member of the board of the Missouri Nature Conservancy. He belongs to 15 bird organizations.

Mr. Easterla's wife, Patti, and sons, Todd Bryce, 1, and David James, 4, share his extensive interest in biology.



Joyce Cushing

"Hanging of the Greens" program.

A junior elementary education major, Miss Cushing has participated in many campus activities. For three years, she has been a member of AWS and is now its historian. She is a member of ACE and SNEA, a floor chairman in Perrin Hall, is serving on the Religious Emphasis Week committee, and is the committee chairman for the approaching Eddie Hawkins Dance.

Members of the Cardinal Key Honor Society extend congratulations to Miss Cushing.



HAVING A FRIENDLY CUP of tea afternoon chat are Miss Judy Salfrank, assistant director of Hudson Hall; Mrs. Cloeda Hamilton, director of Perrin Hall; Mrs. Dorothy Hildebrand, director of Hudson Hall; Mrs. Luella Thate, assistant director of Perrin Hall; and Mrs. Margaret Wire, director of Roberta Hall.

## Girls' Dorm Directors Lead Interesting, Exciting Lives

By Gail Krumme

What is a housemother? She is a special blend of mother, nurse, and counselor, available at any hour for advice and assistance.

Being a housemother involves many and varied duties. It is a life of problems and strain, but the rewards are well worth the work. This is consensus of Mrs. Margaret Wire, director of Roberta Hall; Mrs. Cloeda Hamilton, director of Perrin Hall; Mrs. Luella Thate, assistant for Perrin and Roberta Halls, and Mrs. Dorothy Hildebrand, director of Hudson Hall.

A housemother supervises dorm life and tries to keep her charges happy in their home away from home. She listens to complaints and confessions and offers counsel.

Enforcing dormitory rules without bias is one of her tasks. She must punish and praise in proportionate terms, an impossible task at best, to avoid a semblance of favoritism.

Playing nurse to all residents of a dormitory is no small chore. Yet MSC housemothers personally check on any reported sickness and are available to take students to the doctor when necessary. Many of a housemother's resting hours are spent taking girls for medical treatment and waiting in hospital corridors.

A smoothly-run dormitory always has a busy and efficient housemother in the background. Perhaps one never knows who has been responsible for some small task that makes life more pleasant. The housemother does these things as a matter of course, expecting no praise or recognition for her efforts.

Many incidents of college life are a trial to the housemother. Mrs. Wire recalls the mad scramble in the lounge when two fraternity pledges released two chickens. During her career as housemother, she has

witnessed a kissing contest on the dormitory steps. When she tried to intervene, the time-keeper assured her that the couples had to come up for air soon.

One of Mrs. Hamilton's problems is the friendly campus cat who spends much time in the dorm. More than one

### Student Forum

To the Editors:

Our college is on its way up. To anyone who has noticed the heaving of earth and steady plunging of machines and men in certain areas on campus, or the continuously expanding academic and extracurricular program, as evidenced by a glance at the new schedules for this semester, this fact is evident. While we can be justly proud of it now and in the future, we must not fail to notice anything on our campus which could be improved: specifically, our registration system.

Many other colleges and universities have successfully incorporated a process of pre-registration. The time is not far off when we, too, will be in competition with them. It is time for many changes; in the face of greatly increased enrollment, our present system is outdated. Is it not frustrating to endure the long lines and the waiting; the disappointment of a schedule which, at the last moment, did not work out because class after class had been already filled?

Instead of these images, let's follow a student through another process. The time is prior to the end of the semester. The student receives a form, or series of IBM cards, on which he indicates the classes he needs for the following semester. His adviser approves his schedule. He returns the proposed schedule to the registrar's office, where it is processed.

The administration knows how many sections of each course are needed by the num-

ber of requests turned in; therefore, our student will probably not be refused his choice of classes. If he is, he still has plenty of time to change before the semester actually begins.

You may argue, why advocate another means of rendering human beings mere ciphers — only numbers? The student may become a cipher, but he will always be a cipher with an identity, so long as he has the will to think and speak and act for himself.

If there is any means by which his existence as a college student can be made more pleasant, let us adopt it, giving due thought to alternative possibilities and the consequences. As we adopt better facilities and academic programs, let us adopt a more practical system of registration.

Earnestly,  
A junior who is proud of MSC

### Dances May End

Unless student conduct improves at Den Dances held at the Armory, the dances will be discontinued. Too many reports of rowdiness and stealing have been made to college officials.

If further reports of misconduct are received, the Armory will not be available for future dances, according to reports from the Union Board dance committee.

**Freshmen Keep Pace With Varsity**

After getting scholarship offers from several other colleges, Jim Vollmuth decided to attend Northwest Missouri State, and Bearcat coaches are glad he did.

Vollmuth stands 6-3 and weighs 175 lbs. He played his high school ball at Atlantic, Iowa, where he was an Honorable Mention All-American his senior year and was also selected as an Iowa All-State performer.

Jim nailed down a starting berth on the varsity at the



Jim Vollmuth

first of the season and has been an asset to the team ever since. His consistent outside shooting, as well as his aggres-

sive defensive performances, has delighted many Bearcat followers.

It was Vollmuth's 25-foot jump shot with 3 seconds left that clinched the victory for Maryville over Peru. He has an 11-point overall shooting percentage. Jim has the potential to become a star in the MIAA in the next three years.



Roger Nelson

Roger Nelson is the other freshman cager who has been a pleasant surprise this season.

Roger, 6-1/2, 170, went to high school in Dunlap, Iowa, where he gained All-Boyer Conference, All-SW Iowa and All-State honorable mention in Iowa as a senior.

He has been used mainly as a relief man for guard Joe Peirce. Nelson's main ability lies in his smooth ball handling, but his 19-point average as a senior in high school shows that he can also score. The coaches feel that, with the valuable experience he has gotten this year, he will be a big factor in the next several years in the effort to develop a winning Bearcat club.

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**'Cats to Re-Match After E-State Loss**

Managing only four firsts, the Bearcat swim team fell to the Emporia State Gorillas Saturday, 53-42, bringing their season record to 4-3.

Frank Fisher led the Bearcat effort, taking first in the 100-yard and 200-yard freestyles. He also anchored the winning free relay of Jon Eichiles, Jerry Peirce, and Ed Smith.

Randy Hanson grabbed the Cats' only other first with a 6:05 in the 500-yard freestyle.

The tankers will meet Wentworth Military Academy here at two o'clock Saturday. The underdog cadets fell to the Bearcats earlier this season, 75-20.

**Speech Instructors To Help Evaluate National Contest**

The speech and drama department has been selected as a judging center for the 15th annual National Public Discussion Contest.

To enter the contest, a team of five must submit a tape recording of a 25-minute panel discussion covering the solution of the national discussion question: "What should be the policy of the United States in Southeast Asia?"

Entries sent to MSC were judged by George Hinshaw, Kerry Lafferty, and Jerry Windsor, speech instructors. The schools and their ratings are Fresno State College, Fresno, Calif., first; Bob Jones University, Greenville, S. C., second; Arizona State University, Tempe, Ariz., third; Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., fourth, and Illinois Wesleyan, Bloomington, Ill., fifth.

The winning tape will be sent to the semi-finals at Bradley University, Peoria, Ill. Finalists will compete in April at the Central States Speech Convention, Chicago.

The tape made by MSC discussants Jo Ann Brady, Gail Halliday, Terry Lutz, Ruth Martin and Bob Stewart, chairman, has been sent to West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va., for evaluation.

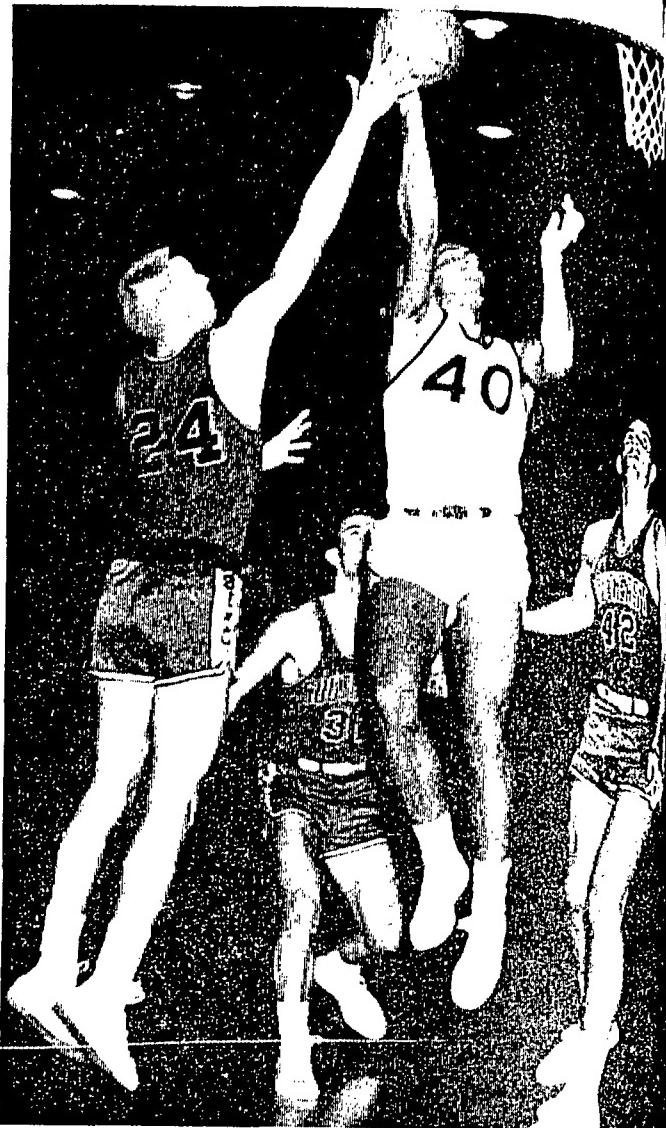
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SURROUNDED by Cape Indians, Bob Marek, 6' 3" senior, St. Joseph, scores two for the Bearcats. He tallied 11 points Saturday against Cape and 15 Monday night in the Bearcats' victory over Rolla.

**Bearcats Risk .500 Record Against Strong League Foes**

Placing its .500 season and league marks on the line, the Bearcat basketball team will meet Southwest Missouri and Central Missouri State teams in road games Saturday and Monday nights.

The Southwest Bears returned six lettermen from last year's second place MIAA team. The Bears also have 6-7 sophomore center Louis Shepard and 6-6 freshman Merton Bancroft, who are expected to give the Bearcats a height problem.

Central Missouri State, last year's MIAA champ, is considered a threat to challengers. Leading the Mules are 6-5½ Cozel Walker, all-MIAA last season, and two new men, 6-2 Ron Mooney and 6-6 Greg Daust.

Winning two of their last three games, the 'Cats stand 3-3 in the MIAA and 9-9 overall. Balance and depth have contributed to the team's increasing success marks, with seven men scoring in double figures in the last two games.

Senior Dave Redmund led the Bearcats to their record-leveling win over Rollo Monday, pouring in his second 28-

point production in two games. The team needed a last minute lift from Ron Howitt, however, who tossed in two free throws with 23 seconds remaining to give the 'Cats their 72 win.

**Jerry Albin Signs With N. Y. Yanks**

Jerry Albin, recently elected a football co-captain for the 1966 season and an MSC baseball star, has been signed to a bonus contract by the New York Yankees Professional Baseball Club.

Albin, a star athlete before coming to Maryville, was a member of the Ban Johnson League All-Star team in Kansas City in 1963 and 1965. He played third base for the Program team beginning in 1964. As one of the top hitters in 1965, his average reached the .351 mark.

Playing for Coach Burke Richey on the Bearcats' baseball squad, Albin hit .357 in his freshman year and .362 his senior year. He also received the team's Most Valuable Player award.

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